British Packet

AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

N°. 624.] BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1838. [Vol. XII.

BUENOS AYRES.

With this number concludes the twelfth year of the *British Packet.*

We have no particular news to communicate this week. Strong westerly winds have prevented arrivals from Montevideo, and the late heavy rains have of course, interrupted communication with the interior.

THE STORM.

At half past 10 on the night of Saturday, the look out men of H. B. M's sloop Electra, reported that the French brig of war Alerte, was drifting on them. The Electra instantly veered both cables, but was obliged to slip the small bower to bring the Alerte on the larboard bow, in which situation both vessels remained until nearly midnight, when a slight shift of wind brought the Alerte again ahead of the Electra; the latter then ran out the few fathoms of cable remaining, and the two vessels thus lay till day-break, the Alerte not more than 30 fathoms ahead of the Electra. The Dolphin striker of the Electra struck and shivered to pieces one of the stern boats of the Alerte—the latter occasionally pitching on the chain cable of the Electra. On Sunday morning the gale lulled, the yawl of H. B. M's ship Calliope came to the Electra, a stream anchor was ran out, and she was got sufficiently clear of the Alerte to heave in her best bower. The Alerte also hove up her second anchor, but her drift had overlaid the Electra's small bower, which she was forced to slip to clear her. Mr. Critchell, First Lieutenant of the Electra, went on board the Alerte, and pointed this out to induce her to heave up and drop his anchor clear of the Electra, which she said should be done, but which was not, before a gale came on N. W. The Electra's yawl was moored astern of that ship, but was swamped during the night, losing oars, &c. The Electra was lying half a cable's length from the Alerte, when she as well as all the vessels in the outer roads grounded on Monday from the extreme low tide. The yawl of the Electra was on Monday cleared of water, the anchor slipped was recovered, and on Tuesday the Electra sent up lower yards and topmasts, and got a better berth.

The Electra did not move an inch during the gale; the Alerte drove upon her twice, but whether by bad management or otherwise we are unable to say.

The Oriental packet schooner Rosa, which arrived from Montevideo on 27th, broke from her anchorage during the gale, and was seen on Saturday at mid-night standing down the river, and is supposed to have gone to Montevideo. All her crew were on board—the Captain was on shore.

A number of chimnies were levelled with the ground during the gale on the night of 28th ult., and we might say with Lenox, in 'Macbeth,'

"The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimnies were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air."

The lamentings we heard, were from a Friar placed on the top of our chimney to prevent its smoking. He struggled for a long time with the wind, which not content with prostrating him, rolled him about for more than an hour, making a "dreadful pother" over our heads, and finally tumbled the poor Friar headlong into the *patio*, where he lay until our servant released him from his fallen state.

The tide during the night was very high; the whale boats were all secured on the Alameda.

The wind on the 30th was W., a gale in the morning causing a very low tide; the bank between the inner and outer roads was dry, and individuals riding on horseback and walking on it, an event of rare occurrence. All the wrecks including that of the Zephyr were visible, people were employed with carts in removing portions of them and anchors. A similar low tide happened in the war of the independence, when a Spanish blockading squadron was in the outer roads. Artillery was conveyed to the bank to fire on them, which however was prevented by the tide coming in rapidly.

THE CALM.

The 31st. was fine and calm, the tide in the morning even lower than on the preceding day, the sands presenting from their hardness a fine opportunity for a horse race or a game at cricket. A number of ladies were walking on them, and amongst the equestrians we noticed Mr. Mandeville, Captain Herbert, of H. B. M's ship Calliope, and Captain Preston, of H. B. M's sloop Electra. Several individuals were on horseback on the bank between the inner and outer roads, and persons occupied with carts as before on the different wrecks. The tide made in the afternoon, and the vessels in the outer roads floated. A boat of the Calliope came to shore with several officers of that ship.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

28th ult. The French schooner brig of war Vigilant, returned from her northerly cruise—spoke Commodore, and sailed again to the northward. All the men of war in the outer roads sent down top-gallant yards, &c., in consequence of bad weather.

29th. Boisterous weather—the French man of war brig Alerte, drove last night, got foul of H. B. M's sloop Electra, and became too intimate with the daughter of Agamemon. The particulars of this recounter will be found in our journal of this day.

30th. Strong westerly wind and very low tide. All the men of war in the outer roads aground with little more than 6 feet water alongside.

31st. Weather more moderate—the tide until mid-day was lower than yesterday, after which it came up fast, and the Electra cut the very close acquaintance she had, had with the Alerte since the night of the 28th, and took another berth. Four French boats were employed in the morning buoying various anchors; discovered during the low tide, and which they afterwards removed—one of the boats visited the wreck of the Furioso, and was seen to cut away a piece of her chain cable and bowsprit. The chaloupe detained on the 26th, was allowed to go at large, and came in the evening to the Riachuelo. The blockading vessels displayed their signal flags, &c., supposed to be in honor of "the three glorious days." If so, the anniversary this year in Buenos Ayres, might be called the three stormy Jays.

1st inst. Fine weather, wind W., the Vigilant arrived in the afternoon, spoke Commodore, and sailed again to the northward.

2nd. The French corvette Expeditive, sailed in the direction of Montevideo. The National schooner brig Constellation, left the Boca about 3 in the afternoon, and steered to the eastward. Her stars were not however in the ascendant, it 'fell calm,' and being pursued by a French launch she endeavoured to return. In so doing she grounded, and was shortly after dark overtaken by her pursuer.

3rd. The French brig of war Bordelaise, (Bombard,) arrived from a cruise after an absence of 36 days. The Vigilant also arrived from the Northward. The Constellation was conducted to the outer roads by her friend the launch, who had remained by her during the night, not caring to leave her in solitude.

The craft now in custody of the blockaders are the balandra Belem and the schooner brig Constellation.

This day (3rd inst.,) completes the 129th day of the blockade.

Official Documents.

¡VIVA LA FEDERACION!

Communications from Santiago del Estero, Jujui and Tucuman, addressed to the Governor of Buenos Ayres, state the entire approval of the governments of those Provinces, of the conduct pursued by the government of Buenos Ayres, in its discussion with the French agents, and that the blockade instituted by the French Admiral they conceive to be unjust and unprovoked.

A note dated 31st ult., from the Chief of Police to the Governor, states that during the month of July last, 342 persons arrived in this city, the departures 386.

A similar note from the Captain of the Port, states that during the month of July last, 120 persons arrived at this port, the departures 105.

The *Gaceta Mercantil* of 2nd inst., contains a list of individuals who have made donations of horses for the service of the State.

Treasury Bills in circulation on 1st inst., 4,446,200 dollars.

A communication dated Monte 15th ult., inserted in the *Gaceta Mercantil* of Thursday last, gives an account of a *funcion* in the town of *San Miguel del Monte*, to celebrate the vote of the House of Representatives of the Province, under date 8th June, approving the conduct of the government in resisting the unjust pretensions of the French Vice-Consul and French Rear Admiral—conduct which has worthily upheld the dignity and sovereignty of the nation. On the 8th ult., the town of *Monte* was illuminated, citizens paraded the streets accompanied by a band of music, the national anthem, &c., were sung, and all was festivity until 3 on the following morning, when the parties retired to their homes. At sun-rise on the 9th, a salute was fired and the *air* 'What's life without honor' was sung. At 9 A. M. cavalry and infantry were drawn up in the plaza, and the portrait of His Excellency the Governor was borne in procession to the Church, which was magnificently adorned. High Mass and Te Deum were celebrated. After which the portrait was conveyed through the streets, followed by the authorities civil and military of the district, and the major part of the inhabitants, anxious to express in this mode their admiration of the original—the *Cincinato Argentino.* All then retired to the house of Colonel Vicente Gonzalez, where a banquet was laid out. In the afternoon there was horse racing in the plaza by masked equestrians. In the evening a ball at the house of Don Bernardo Romero. On the 10th, the above amusements were repeated.

We have received Rio Janeiro papers to **13th** ult.; they contain a very interesting debate upon the army estimates, in which Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, France, Fructuoso Rivera, and Santa Cruz, make a conspicuous figure. It appears that in Rio Janeiro the same report had been prevalent which was so current here some time since, namely, that the Brazilians intended to blockade Montevideo. The opposition demanded explanations from the government on that report and hinted that the ministry had an undue sympathy for the cause of Fructuoso Rivera. The government were reminded what sort of a character Fructuoso Rivera was, and how they had been humbugged by him on former occasions, such a sympathy was likely to draw upon Brazil the enmity of the government of Buenos Ayres, who were entitled to the respect of Brazil for their faithful fulfilment of their engagements, and to the well wishes of all American governments for the courage with which they resist the pretensions of so powerful a nation as France. Brazil should be careful how it brought on the enmity of that government, who once triumphing over Santa Cruz, which according to accounts was likely to happen, would let loose upon Brazil a host of cavalry, and swarm the seas with privateers—Brazil had a sorry experience in this respect. *Its debt was chiefly owing to the* former war with Buenos Ayres. And if Brazil could not make head against the revolutionists in Rio Grande, what could they do against the Argentine Confederation? The Ministers in reply to these observations, disclaimed any particular sympathy *for Fructuoso Rivera, and* scouted the idea of pretending to blockade Montevideo. It was true they were going to send some vessels to the River Plate, but it was for a far different purpose, and in fact there was no disagreemeent between the two governments. Brazil would maintain its neutrality in the dispute in the Oriental State, and be unceasing in its efforts to cultivate good understanding with all American governments.

The *Echo Francais,* a paper published in French at Rio Janeiro, pretends to throw *a new light* on the question between this Republic and General Santa Cruz. It says, that the true secret of the declaration of war by this country against Santa Cruz, is to be found in the fact of Chili having bribed General Rosas. It adds, *that the* Bolivian General Braun had been called in by the inhabitants of the Argentine Provinces to liberate them from the tyranny of the Heredias, and that he doubtless would have put an end to the war, had he not been called back in the midst of his victorious career by General Santa Cruz. *It moreover says, that two* Argentine squadrons of cavalry went over to him, and that the assemblage pompously styled an army was in the greatest distress; twenty thousand dollars which General Rosas had sent having been robbed on the road between Tucuman and *Jujui. This is certainly a new light,* and we only wonder it should have been so long concealed. Verily, General Santa Cruz is a lucky man, he always finds friends to help him over the stile. When he made peace with the Chilians at Arequipa, it was his magnanimity which induced him to grant such favorable terms, and let his enemy who occupied the second city in Peru go unharmed, and now that General Braun has been chased back into the interior of Bolivia, it is again the magnanimity of the Protector which has interfered to save the Argentine Confederation from utter annihilation. General Santa Cruz may well exclaim—"Oh! save me from my friends."

Another hoax has been practised on the Rio *Jornal do Commercio,* this time by a Buenos Ayrean wag. A letter dated Buenos Ayres 5th June, was inserted in that paper, stating that the government of Buenos Ayres had bought a parcel of small craft and armed them as gun boats; that batteries had been erected *on the beach, that letters of marque were to* be issued against the French, and that a war of powder and ball, instead of one of protocols, was about to commence, and that Admiral Brown had written to the blockading Commodore, requiring him to withdraw a vessel stationed at Martin Garcia to blockade the entrance to the Uruguay, declaring that in case of non compliance he would go and attack her. The answer of the French Commodore, it is gravely added, was not known, but it could not be doubted that it would be a plump refusal.

The following whimsical lines appeared some years since in the "Sun" London newspaper, and the Editor at that time was not aware whence it came. It has lately been ascertained to be the production of Mr. Southey, and was published in February last, in a volume of his "Poetical works."

"The March to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were marshals by the dozen,
And dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please,
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians and eat the Prussians,
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come
With a hop, step, and jump, into London.
For as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd:
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned-to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through,
They could fight, though they could not parlez vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschlowitch,
And *all the others that end in itch;*
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky and Novareffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky;
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouva off he shovel'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Knosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off.
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night,
He would rather parlez-vous than fight;
But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When *parlez-vous* no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow,
The wind and weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow.

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was, besides, in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow.
'T is myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscovy:
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which we must go to,
If the pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host,
He has reckon'd too long without him,
If that host get him in purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away
As there was on the road from Moscow."

From Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCLXIV.

"The sagacity with which Louis Philippe has conducted his government, has seated him *firmly on the French throne,* at least until some new friend of the rights of man shall carry out his principle by firing into his bosom. He has plainly shown himself a better manager of the French than Napoleon. That clever despot professed, that though he knew right well what to do with Frenchmen in war, he was terribly *at a loss what to do with them in peace.* The secret of Louis Philippe's government is, to trust nobody, to watch every body, and to keep down all. We are firm believers in the national value of a free press; but it must be such a press as we have in England, where the writers are free; in other words, where the whole body of writers are not an atrocious gang of unprincipled democrats, timid as mice before a tyrant, and insolent as rebels before a legitimate king. Nine-tenths of the newspaper press of France under Charles the Tenth had been pensioners, and sycophants, and the slaves of Napoleon, lauding with all their meagre souls the patriotism, the power, and the glory of a man who exhibited *his patriotism by covering the land with* dungeons, and his power by draining France of her men, by the half-million at a time, to bury them in the sands of Spain and the swamps of Russia; and finally displayed his glory by de-

livering their capital twice into the hands of an enemy, by delivering himself twice into the hands of an enemy, by delivering France twice into the hands of an enemy, and finishing the whole affair by going into a dungeon at St. Helena, and bringing in the Bourbons riding on the cannons of the invaders.

"Louis Philippe reigns by having fifty thousand men ready within the beat of the drum from the Tuilleries, and fifty thousand more in the hamlets round Paris, ready, with knapsack on back, and bayonet on musket, to march into the city, and crush the Revolution makers at half-an-hour's notice. When he finds the newspapers dabbling in treason, he commits them to the care of the law without delay. The scribblers have not a syllable to say for themselves, the jury find them guilty of course, the judge lays the hand of the law upon them, the jailer takes them into his safe keeping, they march off to St. Pelagie, where they remain from six months to as many years, pay a fine from a thousand francs to ten times the amount, and when they emerge at last, have no other consolation than that which affords the least balm to a scribbler's heart, that they suffered for their country. But the grand question is, who is to succeed him? The young Bourbon has a powerful party in France. The recollections of the old noblesse are still alive; the people of France are fond of variety in their kings, coats, and mistresses. The people of Paris care for nothing under the sun, and would walk with equal good-will in the funeral procession of any king that ever sat in the Tuileries. But what is the Duc de Bourdeaux doing? following the example of his uncle Louis XVIII., and getting as fat as he can. He is said to have already contrived a royal protuberance of stomach worthy of the most eminent slumberer on the royal cushions since the days of Pharamond.—In fact we despair of the Bourbons, and we have no regret for the despair. They were a race extinguished by the course of nature; they were dying away inch by inch for nearly three hundred years; they never exhibited a great man since the Wars of the League; their character was washed away in Protestant blood, their manliness was burnt out in the flame of their own persecution. Richelieu and Mazarin were the substitutes for the declining character of their monarchs; the fierce and haughty ambition of the one, the keen Italian subtlety of the other, alone kept the throne from sinking into the contempt of Europe, by making it the terror and the hatred. Those two men were the Kings of France; their successor, Louis XIV., was left to himself, and lingered through half a century of power, only to show how unworthy he was of it for the hundredth part of the time. Louis XV. was a mere profligate, a worthless accumulation of gross appetites, base principles, and distempered ennui. As his predecessor had taken Augustus for his model, of whom he was a mockery, in all but his selfishness, so Louis XIV. had taken Tiberius for his model, to whom he had no resemblance but in the brutishness of his vices. Louis XVI. was the victim of the two reigns; his unhappy end, of course, prohibits any remark on his memory. But it is clear that he was neither hero nor statesman. Louis XVIII. and Charles Dix were the expiring snuff of the candle; there was nothing among them, even the flare that the expiring candle so generally puts forth to illustrate its last moments. They sank into the socket with a tranquillity worthy of their original lustre, and were no more.

"The education of the Duke of Bourdeaux has probably fixed the extinguisher on their ashes for ever. He is described in the foreign journals as a round-stomached, heavy-headed, obese young man, with his brains made of *adipocire*, and his blood olive oil. This, in some measure, is the fault of his sprightly mamma. She ought to have put off her trip to Vendée, and put him through a good, manly English education, when she had him here. If the boy had been trundling a hoop, rowing a boat, or playing single-stick at Eton, with now and then a foot-race after the Royal hounds, and regular cricket, he might have grown into something that would make the Orleans dynasty think of contingencies. Besides the sports which widened his chest without distending his stomach, and gave him vigour in his frame without balancing him, as Rabelais said of his critic, like a rope-dancer's pole, "lead at both ends," he might have laid in a *little* literature; have known what soldiers and senators did before the *grande nation* had learned to curl a periwig, or thought of any other tailor than the bear; have imbibed some of the daring spirit of the old Roman, and learned some of the lofty feelings of the old Greek, republicans though they were. In short, the half-dozen years at Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow—for we abhor Rugby, "*et id genus omne*," as a contemptible hole, since Arnold acts the mad Pythia on his stool, and screams nonsense from the rabble tripod—would have made a man of him instead of a monk, a soldier instead of a smoker, a statesman instead of a *quidnunc*, and a prince instead of a *penguin*. Yet we impute no part of this ill-luck to the individual. It was the fortune of the Bourbons that fell upon him, finished by the "ultra-spiritual fooleries of a family now descended into dotage." Louis Philippe is still King; and it was but a week since that he brought an action for damages to his royal character against a Parisian "organ of the public mind," as they call themselves: in other words, an impudent scribbler, as every body else would call him, who, from his garret, in a paroxysm of *soupe maigre*, attempted to fulmine over the Tuileries. The garreteer was fined, and we hope will be confined, until he learns better manners, and discovers that fellows who licked, and would still lick, the dust of Napoleon's boots, have no right to play antics now, and give the bodies of slaves the airs of freemen.

"In the mean time, Louis Philippe is making a clever use of his daughters and his francs.—He is marrying the young Orleannoises in all quarters to German Royalties, and dowering them, it seems, which must be an equal astonishment and rejoicing to the purses of German sovereignty. He thus gives the Germans an *interest* in his sitting on the throne of the Parisians. They feel that, if he were sent to seek his fortune, there would be an end of theirs. He is now *remitting* one of his sylphs into Wirtemberg, with an annual salary of £24,000 sterling—a sum less by £6000 a-year than that supreme patriot, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex condescends to accept from the nation whose burdens he so feelingly deplores, but which must exhilirate the Exchequer of the Wirtemberger to the most rapturous degree. The German has, therefore, a dutiful feeling, to the exact amount of £24,000 yearly, in behalf of Louis Philippe. So goes on the system. The French King thus proceeds to plant a row of pensioners among his neighbours; and we should not wonder if the Duke of Nemours carried proposals with him to Algiers, for the black-eyed daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, and a letter of credit on the Treasury of the Tuilleries, to the full amount calculated to make a friend and pensioner of the illustrious Mahometan to the end of his days."

Extract from the life of William Wilberforce.

PITT, WILBERFORCE, AND ELIOT IN FRANCE.

In the autumn of 1783, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Eliot, set forth on a continental journey. The three friends met at Canterbury; thence they resolved to proceed direct to Rheims, to gain some knowledge of the language, before they proceeded to Paris. * * * * * We soon got acquainted with as many of the inhabitants of Rheims as we could wish, especially an Abbé de Lageard, a fellow of infinite humour, and of such extraordinary humanity, that, to prevent our time hanging heavy on our hands, he would sometimes make us visits of five or six hours at a stretch. Our last week passed very pleasantly, and, for myself, I was really very sorry when the day arrived for our setting off for Paris. The Abbé de Lageard was secretary to the Conseil d'état, and he has furnished some recollections of this visit:—"One morning, when the intendant of police brought me his daily report, he informed me, there are three Englishmen here of very suspicious character. They are in a wretched lodging, they have no attendance, yet their courier says, that they are 'grande seigneurs,' and that one of them is son of the great Chatham; but it is impossible, they must be 'des intrigants.' I had been in England, and knew that the younger sons of your noble families are not always wealthy, and I said to Mons. du Chatel, who wished to visit them officially and investigate their character. 'Let us be in no hurry, it may be, perhaps as they represent: I will inquire about them myself.' I went to their lodgings the same evening and got their names from the courier, and true enough they were said to be Mr. W. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Eliot, all three members of the British Parliament, and one of them lately a leading member of the government. The next morning I visited them, and as I was at once satisfied by their appearance, I asked whether I could be of any use to them, and offered whatever the town of Rheims could afford for their amusement. Amongst other things Mr. Pitt complained, 'Here we are in the middle of Champagne, and we cannot get any tolerable wine.' 'Dine with me to-morrow,' I replied, 'and you shall then have the best wine the country can afford.' They came and dined with me, and, instead of moving directly after dinner, as we do in France, we sat talking for five or six hours."

Advertisements.

British Packet Newspaper.

WANTED to purchase at cost price, the following numbers of the above—37, 130, 133, 174, 229, 232, 335.

Public Hospitals.

ON Sunday the 5th August, a Sermon will be preached at the British Episcopal Church, on behalf of these Institutions; after which a collection will be made in aid of their support.

The sick poor of all nations are freely admitted into these Hospitals; and, therefore, they have a claim upon the benevolence of foreigners as well as natives, for whose benefit they were especially established.

Buenos Ayres, July 27th, 1838.

FOR NEW YORK.

The fast sailing American ship

RENOWN,

RICHARD SUTTON, MASTER,

295 *Tons.*

Now lying at Montevideo, will have immediate despatch, three fourths of her cargo being already engaged. Parties in Buenos Ayres, who may wish to engage freight by this ship; or Passengers, for whose accommodation she is handsomely fitted up, may apply for terms to—

DANIEL GOWLAND & Co.
Plaza de la Victoria.

NOTICE.

OLD English bottled Port, Sherry of excellent flavour, and a few cases of Champaigne, are on Sale by the package, at Anderson, Weller & Co's. Stores.

NOTICE.

PERSONS having accounts against or in favour of the late Mr. James Muggridge, are requested to arrange them with either of the undersigned within the peremptory term of ten days from this date.

THOMAS KIDD.
THOMAS LIDDLE.
WILLIAM S. WILSON.

Buenos Ayres, July 28th, 1838.

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on the 2nd of August 1838.

NONE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

FRENCH. Corvette Camille, 20 guns, Commandante Pierre Louis Hermenegilde Guillevin. (Capitaine de Fregate.)

Brig Dassas, 22 guns, Captain Hypolito Daguenet, with Commodore's broad pennant.

Brig Alert, 22 guns, Captain Charles Olivier.

Corvette L'Expeditive, 18 guns, Captain Pierre Halay.

BRITISH. Sloop Electra, 18 guns, Commander William Preston.

Ship Calliope, 28 guns, Captain Thomas Herbert.

MARINE LIST.

Port of Buenos Ayres.

July 28.—Wind S. S. E. strong all day, and a gale at night—heavy rain all day.

No arrivals or sailings.

July 29.—Wind E. strong, shifted to N. W. in the afternoon, strong—heavy rain all last night and this morning—hazy.

No arrivals or sailings.

July 30.—Wind W. strong, slight rain in the morning, hazy and very low tide all day.

No arrivals or sailings.

July 31.—Wind W. very low tide in the morning, even lower than yesterday, but it made again at mid-day, and in the evening the river assumed its usual appearance.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 1.—Wind W.

No arrivals or sailings.

August 2.—Wind W.

No arrivals.

Sailed, French corvette Expeditive, 18 guns, Captain Pierre Halay, on a cruise.

August 3.—Wind S. S. W.

Arrived, French brig of war Bordelaise, 10 guns, Captain de Lalande de Calern, from a cruise.

Shipping Memoranda.

ARRIVED AT MONTEVIDEO.

17th ult., British barque New Express, Tulloch, (instead of American barque Express, as stated in our last,) from Cadiz 14th May, to Kemsley & Co.

19th, Sardinian polacre Margarita, Baccaro, (instead of Providencia, as stated in our last,) from Genoa 13th April, Gibraltar 14th May, to Ramirez.

" Brazilian barque Amparo, Santana, from Pernambuco 50 days, to Costa.

20th, Brazilian barque Senhorina, Ferreyra, from Rio Grande 5 days.

" Brazilian brig Triunfante, Oliveira, from Rio Grande 5 days, to Costa.

23rd, Oriental schooner Luisa, Schiaffino, from Rio Janeiro 12 days, to Wich.

" Lubeck brig Aurora, Hess, from Hamburg 20th May, to Dusenberg.

25th, British brig Catherine, Whiteway, from Liverpool 15th May, to Bradshaw & Co.

" Brazilian schooner brig Leopoldina, Pereyra, from Rio Janeiro 15 days, to Costa.

" Oriental brig Rapido, Labrador, from Rio Janeiro 13 days, to Viera.

" French brig Erneste, Lissonde, from Bayonne 70 days, to Duplessis.

26th, American brig America, Roberts, from Philadelphia, to Southgate & Co.

" Spanish polacre Marieta, from Tarragona, to Llavallol.

" Danish barque Cybele, from Hamburg, to F. Nebel.

" American ship Brutus, Adams, from New York, to Zimmermann & Co.

AT RIO JANEIRO.

10th ult., Argentine brig Independiente, Maia, from Montevideo 13 days.

11th, Oriental brig Indio, from Montevideo 13 days.

SAILED FROM RIO JANEIRO.

11th ult., H. B. M's packet Hope, for Falmouth, via Bahia and Pernambuco, with the mail forwarded hence 20th June, by H.B.M's packet Spider.

Passenger, Señor José Joaquin Mora, Chargé d'Affaires of Peru to the Court of London.

The Fair Barbadian, at Montevideo, spoke in lat. 20 S. and long. 33 W., the American ship Nile, Hepburn, from Buenos Ayres 2nd June, 20 days out, all well.

ARGENTINE THEATRE.

Unfavourable weather and the indisposition of several of the performers, have caused the performances advertised at this Theatre to be postponed. Doña Manuela, we hear, has had a miscarriage. Doña Maria P. de Gonzalez, they say, has been "brought to bed," and Señor Santiago Gonzalez, it is *sure*, has had an attack of 'scarlet fever.'

Performances were advertised for last evening but they were postponed.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

On 31st ult., was performed *Angelo ó el tirano de Padua*. The scene in Padua. The plot—Angelo, Governor of Padua, has a pretty wife, whom he neglects and "runs after" an actress, but the latter is in love with a young man called Rudolpho, he rejects her suit, being in love with Governor Angelo's wife who loves him in return. The first scene represented an illuminated garden, in which a man with a guitar feigns to be asleep in order to overhear a conversation and report it to the Governor; in imitation of the Centinel in the Critic—Again this same man tells Rudolpho all his (Rudolpho's) history—"you know (says he,) that you was a student at so and so—you know." "But if he knows all this, what is the use of telling him," was said to Mr. Puff in the Critic—"granted (was the reply,) but the audience don't know it." Rudolpho obtains an interview with Mrs. Angelo in her private apartment, (bedchamber, we were going to say, a bed was there,) and whilst bewailing their unhappy fate, footsteps are heard—Mrs. Angelo has scarcely time to thrust her lover into a closet, when in rushes the actress through a private aperture, and demands where Rudolpho is concealed—Mrs. Angelo intreats—the actress scolds, and goaded to madness from having found Rudolpho's cloak in the room, she calls aloud Señor Angelo—Señor Angelo, come in and bear witness to the spotless purity of your beautiful wife—Mrs. Angelo falls at the actress's feet, and implores her compassion—she succeeds from the actress having discovered around the neck of the prostrate lady a diamond cross—"where did you get that cross," said the actress in a subdued tone. It seems that it was a memento from the mother of the actress, who when under sentence of death obtained pardon through the intercession of *Mrs. Angelo*. All the kind nature of the actress comes into play from this explanation, "rise dear lady, rise," she says to the suppliant, "I am your friend." The uproar occasioned by all this brought in Mr. Angelo, he picks up Rudolpho's cloak and upbraids his wife, but as "the devil never fails a woman at a pinch," the actress said it was her cloak, she having entered the house in disguise to warn Angelo of a plot against his life. Angelo in the end is determined to kill his wife, and prepares poison for her, the actress substitutes another liquid, and tells Mrs. Angelo to take it, as it would only produce temporary insensibility, which in fact is the case, and Mrs. Angelo is laid out as dead in Juliet fashion. Rudolpho, like another Romeo, not being aware of all this kills the actress, conceiving she is to blame, and 'flies the country,' convinced too late of his error. Mrs. Angelo revives, but dies on finding the unlucky turn things had taken, and Mr. Angelo is left "alone in his glory." There was nothing in the acting of this piece to call for particular observation. A farce followed, the which and its Church-yard scene we have often described. The lying soldier in it, averred, that he himself had destroyed a British line of battle ship, mounting on each side 3300 guns, (6600 in all,) by diving under the ship on the back of a fish, and that she sunk in consequence of a hole in her bottom made by a blow from his fist.

The house was fully and elegantly attended.

On 2nd inst., *Eduardo y Federica, ó sea la generosidad Inglesa*, the plot—the son of a British nobleman has seduced the daughter of another British nobleman, and refuses to marry her—she goes in search of her seducer, but faints by the way, is thus found by the servants of the father of the faithless one, and conveyed to the house, where she receives every attention from the noble owner of the mansion, and finally marries his son.

The duet *Dunqüe io sono*, from the opera of the barber of Seville followed—the daughter of Señor Culebras made her first appearance as a singer in the part of Rosina; she was received with a round of applause, and flowers were thrown on the stage from the cazuela. She has been under the tuition of Vacani, has a powerful voice, and gives promise of future excellence. But Vacani, what shall we say of him, the *Figaro* of the evening, the renowned *Buffo*?—we can really see no alteration in him, he seems equally talented as we remember him years ago—a second *Naldi*. We hope now to have operas at the *Victoria*, they beguiled us during the Brazilian blockade, and may do the same with this French one. The duet above-mentioned was encored.

The farce of *Oh que apuro* closed the evenings amusements. It is the same as the English one of "the dragoons." Two spendthrift officers and their servant, without a farthing in their pockets, live in an hotel, humbug the landlord, and have but one coat, which the two officers agree to play for with foils, he who drew first blood to wear it. They are interrupted, and the Lieutenant runs off with the coat, leaving the Captain to receive his visiters without one—at last, the Lieutenant gets his coat from the 'jobbing tailor,' to whom it had been sent to be mended, and all ends happily.

The house was respectably attended. The night was cold, and most of the ladies in the boxes wore bonnets and pelisses. In addition to the company who generally visit the boxes were Captain Herbert, of H. B. M's ship Calliope, Captain Preston, of H. B. M's sloop Electra, and several officers of those ships.

We observe that *Angelo* is to be repeated this evening, followed by a *tonadilla* with very pretty music.

THE WEATHER, has been wintry since Saturday, on that day the thermometer stood at 55, since which it has been about 44. With thin ice on several mornings.

H. B. M's ship Calliope, had the flag of this Republic at the fore whilst firing the salute on 27th ult.

Advertisement.

Public Hospitals.

THE Sermon and Collection in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in behalf of these Institutions, formerly advertised, having been prevented by the unfavourable state of the weather, are postponed till Sunday the 12th inst.

Buenos Ayres, August 4th, 1838.

PRICES CURRENT.

Doubloons, Spanish.......	142	a	142½	dollars each
Do. Patriot	140	a	141	do. do.
Plata macuquina	7¾	a	8⅛	do. for one.
Dollars, Spanish	8¼	a		do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacones..	8¼	a	8½	do. do.
Six per cent Stock... ...	45			do. per ct.
Bank Shares	*none*			
Exchange on England .. .	5¾	a		pence per dol.
Do. Rio Janeiro..	320	a	325	
Do. Montevideo..	8⅞	a	9	per patacon
Do. United States	8¼			per U. S. dollar
Hides, Ox, best.....	30	a	31	dls.p. pesada
Do. country	25	a	27	do. do.
Do weighing 23 to 24lbs	25	a	26	do. do.
Do. salted	21	a	22	do. do.
Do. Horse	9	a	10	do. each.
Nutria Skins	2¾	a	3¼	do. per lb.
Chinchilli Skins..	25	a	28	do. per dozen
Wool, common	7	a	9	do. per arr'ba
Sheep skins per dozen....	17	a	18½	per 27lb.
Calf skins per dozen......	25	a	26	
Deer skins per dozen......	9	a	10	
Hair, long	48	a	52	do.per arr'ba
Do. mixed	24	a	26	do. do.
Jerked Beef	14	a	15	do. quintal.
Tallow, melted....	11	a	12	do. per arr'ba
Horns	100	a	250	per mil
Flour, (North American)..		a	*none*	
Salt, on board...........		a	none	per fan.
Discount ..,............	1¾	a	2¼	pr ct. pr. month

The highest price of Doubloons during the week, 142½ dollars. The lowest price 140 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 5¾ pence. The lowest ditto 5¾ pence

PRINTED AT THE MERCANTILE GAZETTE OFFICE, *No. 75 calle de Cangallo.*

Published every SATURDAY, at No. 59, calle del 25 de Mayo; where Subscriptions and Communications are received by the Editor.

PRICE,—EIGHT DOLLARS, (*currency*) PER QUARTER—Single numbers 5 rials.

ALEXANDER BRANDER, Responsible Editor.